her sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most* deeply pondered on the greatest of problems of life. And again, he says, that in Indian literature the European may draw what is most wanted to make his inner life more perfect, not for this life only, but an eternal life.

All honour to that scanty band of men and women who, like Hunter and Fanny Bullock Workman, will cycle seventy miles in the hot sun, tortured with an unimaginable thirst, armed with camera and enthusiasm, to retrieve for us from monsoon and morass and jungle some of the priceless treasures of India's glorious past.

Enthusiasm ! How many women leave India with any left ! With the capacity to be keen about anything ? Madame Blavatsky taught that there are many persons moving in society who are derelicts, from whom the Ego, the immortal spark, has fled in despair, the living dead.

Yet there have been brilliant livers of both

sexes in Anglo-India. For it has been com-
puted that for its size the community does not
compare badly with any other in its litterateurs,
both of men and women, though perhaps they

have